A Metallic Voice.

We are indebted to Monsieur HECTOR BERLIOZ for an idea. We desire that he will accept our chapeau. His arithmetical calculation applies to tenor singers, ours to actors.

A great tragedian has, sav, 250 dollars per night. In Macbeth there are, more or less, 5,000 words to the character; this will average 5 cents for each word spoken or howled. For example:

Ha-a-ah! (5 cents) is this a (15 cents) dagger which I see before me? (3 dimes) Ha-a-ah! (Gratis)

The (5 cents) handle toward my hand? (20 cents) Come let me clutch thee: (Quarter Dollar.)

I have thee not, (20 cents) and yet I see thee still. (3 dimes.)

If Lady Macbeth receives but ten dollars per night, we may give assent to her only receiving a cent a word, consequently when she declaims we may calculate as follows:

That which hath made them drunk (6 cents) hath made me bold: (4 cents.)

What hath quenched them. (4 cents) hath given me fire:—

Hark! (5 cents) – Peace! (1 cent.)

BOSTON AND ITS PICTURES.

NUMBER II.

Most of the pictures here are excessively aged, or at least look so, being so obscured by smoke, dirt, or glazing of a tobacco juice color as to be quite unintelligible. A rage for Old Masters (extravagantly old.) guides the selection, and a truly beautiful; modern work is often rejected because the figures are thought too *nude*; while an old affair, nasty and obscure is ostentatiously paraded with figures modelled after the doughnuts in some huckster's window on a dirty back street. The most prominent one represents a dinner party given by a Babylonian Potentate several years ago, the same being annoyed and disturbed by guests not invited. One is pained by seeing the central figure (one DANIEL so called,) holding on the left arm such a load of green baize drapery as must be excessively fatiguing to the said DANIEL, though the arm is twice as long and stout as the right, which is quite shrivelled and dried from disuse. A prop placed under the arm would relieve the spectator from so painful an apprehension. The work might be further improved by carefully cutting out the figure of the old King Belshazzar, and sitting some prize fighter fresh from a severe milling while his phiz and body are in a state of pumice. It could not be more disgusting than at present. One is at a serious loss to understand why those nondescript giants on the right of the picture have such awfully long necks and such horrible expressions of countenance, with eyes and tongues protruding in a most unearthly manner. Now a few ropes let down from the top and passed about their necks would explain the peculiarity, and the Hanging Committee are respectfully requested to avail themselves of this suggestion. Perhaps this was the design of the artist originally, but he did not have time to complete, having been engaged on it only thirty years. The catalogue says it is unfinished. Why then in heaven's name ain't it finished? Hang a curtain over it, turn its face to the wall, burn it, (no, we could not afford that) get some oil carpet-maker to transform it to a floor cloth, do anything else with it, but allow it to remain in its present position. Several other smaller works might be disposed of in the same manner with great advantage to visitors, even if their places were left blank. One in particular is quite interesting, "The Descent of Fiery Tongues on the Apostles." A wooden-headed Holy Virgin, surrounded by wooden-headed men modelled from Dutch dolls beneath a brass circular saw with bits of raw flesh sliding down metallic lines, supposed to be the brass wires of the Celestial Telegraph. A Modern Dutch Clock in the back ground with the side open displaying the wheel work. A happy idea supplying the old Apostles with a time-keeper of the Sixteenth century. Wonder if they knew how to keep it in running order? or did they send it from Palestine to Holland whenever it run down? There are, however, other works of merit enough to redeem us from the charge of deficiency in taste. "A View in the Lager Nation," as seen through a glass, by BIERSTADT. "Interior of a Laundry" (Monday morning,) WASHINGTON. "The Weeping Sausage-maker"—TIERLINK. "A Group of Pinks"—WILLIAMS; very sweet. "Coloring a Meerschaum"—BROWN. "Study of Fish"—SALMON. "The Dislocated Spine"—ACHENBACH. "Portrait of an eminent Surveyor"—LANTSEER. "Cattle grazing"—CROPSEY. "Home of Burns"—COLE. Painted with much warmth of feeling, as is also the "View in Cayenne"—PEPPER. "The Deluge"—by WATERS, in Aquarelle. "The Office Seeker"—HUNT. "The Defeated Presidential Candidate"—NOBLE. The retiring effect of the principal figure is remarkably well managed. Considered the artist's No-Bell-est work. "Water Craft"—BRIGGS. "Merchantman in a brisk Gale"—WINDSHIP. A very moving work. "A Mason's Tender"—HODSON; a rising artist. "A Summer Shower"—in water colors, RAINHARDT. "UGOLINO imprisoned"—INMAN. "Interior of a Tap-room"—BARRY. "The Pennsylvania Miner"—COLMAN. "Study of a Dam"—SUARES. "View of a Dutch Dam"—VANDYKE. "Whale, Kerosene, Naptha and other oils"—BURNHAM. "The Carolina Beggar"—SOUTHWORTH; excessively poor. "A Retrograde Movement"—BAXTER.

In the sculpture department we have a specimen which is much admired "The Upset Milkman"—by CANOVA. A copy of the ancient "Mare Mediterranean"—by Miss HOSMER, and a POWER-ful effort in bronze of the Websterian style, kept in the State house yard. No charge for a sight.

It is supposed by some that the bundle of sticks in the left hand is a jointed fish-pole in allusion to the piscatory propensity of the owner. Others have an idea that the whole thing was meant for an Aquarius. The spectator can have it whichever he pleases, he can take his choice without paying his money.

WOLF MAHLSTOCK.

GRIST TO THE MILL.

"The mills of the gods grind slowly
But they grind exceeding small,"
And woe to the wretch unholy
On whom their mill-stones fall!
Not Ossa upon Pelion
Gives a greater crushing weight—
With Styx for the water-power,
And the wheel, relentless Fate.

The mills of the gods grind slowly,
But all that comes is grist,
And if *corn* be not forthcoming
The millers don't insist.
The burrs run just as surely,
As well they do the job,
When all that falls between them
Is a small amount of *Cobb*.

But they pulverized St. Crispin
With a quite unusual speed;
For immediate comminution
We can spare a baser breed.
Of knaves and thieves and traitors
There's a heavy stock in store;
Oh! millers of Mount Olympus,
Grind these before we've more!

Yet we'll wait with trusting patience,
For the proverb tells us sooth,
And the story of the ages
Proclaims its perfect truth;
While all like BURR and ARNOLD
From graves dishonored call,
"The mills of the gods grind slowly
But they grind exceeding small!"

A Little Nosegay.

Q. When is a man's nose like an old lady nursing a sick dog?
A. When it 'tends to a Pug.

A KICK FOR THE UNION.

Et every good man fill his tumbler or his can,
the sentiment I here propose, that fits the case like a Spanish leather;
A sentiment that goes from my heart into my toes,
And instigates my calcitrative muscles all to move together.

May each bold patriot, according to his lot,
Provide his ground-extremities with suitable accommodations,
For kicking out and out, with a traitor-scaring shout,
At the miserable knaves who'd make us small among the watching nations!

May each heart and heel be large their duty to discharge;
It were bootless to remain much longer idly chafing, idly talking;
Then, up, my boys! here goes, with our spurs upon our toes
To accelerate the flight of TREASON, everywhere we find him stalking!

MR. KELLOGG OF ILLINOIS.

This gentleman is a perfect wretch, and the fact of his being a Member of Congress can only be accounted for on the supposition that his constituents are maniacs and idiots. The conduct of this person KELLOGG is enough to make even a baldheaded man's hair stand on end, or a Negro Minstrel blush palpably through a thick layer of burnt cork. We are severe on KELLOGG, we know, but we have been reading the *New York Tribune* and papers of that patriotic stripe, all of which are severe on KELLOGG, and hence we feel called upon to smash KELLOGG ourselves. The hideous facts in the case of this creature KELLOGG are these: KELLOGG was sent to Congress by Some Republican people, somewhere, in Illinois. He stuck to his Party with commendable tenacity until this slight trouble commenced about Our Union. And when this slight trouble about Our Union commenced, KELLOGG, in the most atrocious manner, said he considered the preservation of his Country of far greater importance than the preservation of his Party, and that he would gladly vote for anything which would secure a fair adjustment of this slight trouble, aforesaid. So the perfidious KELLOGG joined CRITTENDEN, ETHERIDGE and CLEMENS, and made a gallant effort to save the Union. Like those men he kicked Party and all that nonsense to the winds—like them he did not stop to think of What the People Would Say At Home. And the same prints which glorify CRITTENDEN, ETHERIDGE and CLEMENS cannot say too bitter things of KELLOGG whose position is almost precisely that of the noble trio above mentioned. Consistency is a jewel, but VANITY FAIR fears the "jewelry" of sundry partisan prints in the North is very like that which PETER FUNK sells to poor SPOONS from the interior

A STORY WITH A GAME FLAVOR.

Our special detective reporter brings in a curious story connected with the vigilant eye kept open by our Police authorities, for the discovery of everything conveying the remotest suspicion of arms or ammunition for the South. An officer on duty in South street, a few days ago, had his attention directed to a large, suspicious looking box that lay upon one of the East River wharves. The box, which was of pine-wood, was partly covered over by other boxes, so that the address upon the lid of it was only partially discernable. Nevertheless, the words "Cartridges," and "Pickens," were sufficiently manifest to justify the officer in reporting the matter to head quarters. This was done; and the Superintendent immediately detailed a strong posse of police to the spot, with orders to seize, detain, cart up, and otherwise defeat the diabolical purpose of the infernal package. After some trouble, the box was disembarrassed of its superincumbent load, and the Sergeant was proceeding to remove the lid with chisel and hammer, when his eye fell upon the address, which now, with the initials in full view, read, "Partridges" and "Chickens," instead of "Cartridges" and "Pickens." When the officers saw how the game lay, they dispersed in various directions; each of them—according to our reporter—deducing this moral from this little mistake, viz:—That however attentive a policeman may be to his Ps and Qs, he should not forget that a similar obligation exists for him with regard to his Ps and Cs.

AN OUTRAGE.

A correspondent of mild and genial sympathies sends us the following, from the Charleston *Mercury:*

The Philadelphia *Argus* says the following strange notice was served on a Mr. MATTHEWS of that city, a respectable druggist doing business at the Northeast corner of Twelfth and Callowhill-streets:

PHILADELPHIA, 18th January, 1861.

SIR: At a stated meeting of the W. A. C. O. Z. Club held this evening, (a society organized for the purpose of suppressing seccession and treasonable sentiments), it was resolved, that you be notified to vacate the city within forty-eight hours from receipt of this notice, and in the event of your not complying to do so, to inflict such punishment on you as the treasonable sentiments you have given utterance to may demand. The society have been apprised of the disunion opinions you have expressed, and have determined to rid the city of all such persons as yourself. You will therefore comply with the request embodied in this note, or abide by the consequences.

F. A. T., Secretary.

VANITY FAIR agrees with that cheerful paper, the Charleston *Mercury*, in pronouncing the above "an outrage." The W. A. C. O. Z. disappoint us in the course they have seen fit to adopt in regard to the keeper of this "Shotercary Pop," to quote a new and sparkling joke from the negro minstrels. It is true, we never heard of the W. A. C. O. Z. before, but we hardly thought they would have done it. As the late GEN. N. BONAPARTE is reported to have remarked at Waterloo, "it knocks us." Our mercurial contemporary is quite right in denouncing it as an outrage. We opine that it isn't anything shorter. There is no occasion—no call—no precedent—for this sort of thing. Can't a Northerner give free expression to his political views in any part of the South? Suppose a dealer in Ipecac and things in Charleston should utter anti-secession views, would anybody harm him, or trouble him in any way? Can't a man from the North say what he pleases in the South? Don't the Seceders believe in Free Speech? Don't we all know how very liberal the South has always been in this respect? but the question is absurd. We flatter ourselves that we do. Hence the outrage in question is especially outrageous. VANITY FAIR frowns upon the W. A. C. O. Z.

P. S It dont seem to have occurred to the *Mercury* nor Nobody that the Apothecarian exile in question is a Big Sell! or that F. A. T., the Secretary, has made a certain Southern editor even more of a *fat* than usual.

Turn it over, Sonny!

OUR MANUFACTURES.

Wooden nutmegs were the delight of our childhood; they were so nice to play with, and so unfit for anything else. They were the spice of our life in the sportive days of infancy. Subsequently, we cherished immense national pride in the man who, presuming that pigs had as much right to wooden legs as any other gentlemen, glutted the market with hams manufactured out of the ligneous material. Yesterday, in a palatial restaurant, which uses Broadway for a roof, we selected duck for our dinner. Petrifactions are usually tender in fibre compared to the texture of the waterfowl that was served up to us accordingly. The albatross of the Ancient Mariner must have been spring chicken compared to it. Weary of mastication without compensatory results, we had recourse to literature. A daily journal was at hand. Glancing over its columns, the first announcement that attracted our sympathies was the following:

"The Lawrence (Mass.) *Journal* says that the Duck Factory there is kept running extra time."

"Waiter!"

"Yezer!"

"What kind of duck is this you have brought me?"

"Wood-duck, sir—first of the season—just arrove from Massachusetts by the cord."

"Wood-duck? ah, I see!—fed upon Connecticut nutmegs, I suppose. The flavor is remarkably fine; but the next time you bring me this kind of wood-duck, see that the cook stuffs it with shoepegs instead of sage and onions—that's all."

It has been widely stated by certain journals, that the South will still pine for Northern manufactures. That depends upon the kind of Pine, we suppose, out of which ducks and drakes for the South will in future be manufactured.

Advice to an Ultra Pre-Raphaelite.

"Draw, and defend thyself!"

Ammunition for a "Tea-Fight."

Gunpowder and Canister.

Where is Cobb.

We perceive by a letter from Montgomery, of 9 Feb., that "A strong and vigorous government will go into immediate operation with full powers and *ample funds*." Here's another chance for COBB. Where is FLOYD? Can't he take a hand?

"2 Troo."

It is stated in some quarters that ABE LINCOLN will turn out the worst President the United States ever had. Too True. He will turn out JAMES BUCHANAN! Ceremony takes place March 4th.

To his 1000 and 1 Imitators.

They say that POE was abandoned during his life—can't some of you abandon him now that he's dead, and stop your Ravenous Croaking?

Secession of Manhattan Island.

Although New York is not lost to the Union, it cannot be said that it is yet out of the WOODS.

What he Does.

JAMES BUCHANAN writes for the New York *Ledger*.

What does he write about?

"Right About Face!"

"That's a Clear Case."

As the Peorian said when he first caught a glimpse of an Aquarium.

How to treat Louisiana.

A little Cold Tariff without Sugar.

EFFECT OF THE KITE NUISANCE UPON "ONE OF OUR MOST RESPECTED CITIZENS."

THE SONG OF THE PRESIDENTIAL PILGRIM.

"Come ladies all and gentleman, around my platform throng,
'Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long:'
Depending on which principle, I mean, where'er I go,
To put my trust in Providence, and let my whiskers grow."

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,"
Of ocean wild and stranded ship and reckless mutineer;
But, rain or shine, this rule be mine, no chicken-face to show—
But put my trust in Providence, and let my whiskers grow.

"O! for a soft and gentle gale, I hear a fair one sigh"
Responding to which sentiment, "Produce that Gale!" say I.
But, high or low the wind may blow—while the sea doth ebb and flow,
I'll put my trust in Providence, and let my whiskers grow.

I hear the free elector's howl, I hear the cannon's roar,
I feel I've been at Buffalo, for ah! my bones are sore.
I know there's worse before me yet—how can I help but know!
And yet I'll trust in Providence, and let my whiskers grow.

F. and A. M.

Our private ROCHEFOUCAULD, (evidently a disciple of the Emperor MAXIMMILLION,) weightily observed on reading the eloquent address of the President of the Peace Conference at Washington:

"Virginians! I would rather be your GRAND TYLER, than your MASTER MASON!"

The two Worlds.

The World of Sense, and the other *World!*

The Song of the new State of Things.

Hail Columbiads!

A Musical Definition.

Belle of Alabama.—"La Donna è Mobile."

The French for "Sold."

In an article upon possible invasion by the South, the *Herald* brings up the war of La Vendee as a comparison for future circumstances in that infant republic, should the North march upon her instead. Considering the way in which the South has sold herself for a Mess of Black pottage, however, and the probable results in general, we are disposed to think that an event of the kind would be characterised by future historians as the war of *Les Vendus*.

Nothing Shorter.

The first pap of the Convention, we observe, was obtained by a Mr. SHORTER, one of the delegates, who went in, doubtless, with an eye to the printing which he obtained. The shorter the proceedings the worse for him.

P. B.

Q.—Why is the Paterson-Bonaparte case, now pending before the Paris tribunals, like a monkey poking the "What-is-It?" in the ribs with a sharp stick?

A.—Because it excites a Natural Curiosity.

So Said.

It is rumored that a new comic paper is about to be started, devoted exclusively to clerical jokes; we suggest that it be called *The White Choker*.

(N. B. This means "Joker," we suppose—Ed. V. F.)

Buy any Clodings?

The Charleston *Mercury* is jubilant over the fact that the Israelites of South Carolina are unanimously for a Southern Confederacy.

The Illumination in New-Orleans.

Gas!

THE THIRD HOUSE.

"A shambles of the parliament house!"

3 *Henry V.*, *Act* 1, *Scene* 1.

LETTER VIII.

Of Bores and Boring.

WELL—we speak of Bores not merely in the conventional sense of nuisances, but, including that definition, in the higher signification of the Lobby-man whose part is persistency.—BORE, *n. s.*, a low species of Lobby-man, so called from his working at the same spot until he carries his point through. BORING, *pres. part.* (from TO BORE, *v. a.*)—Fain would I limit my classic pen to genteel Lobby circles with which it has thus far been occupied, but never shall it be said that I have sacrificed completeness and historic truth to mere refinement. Never: the Bores shall be done.

The Bore—that is the Bore proper, unmixed with any other type—is a hotel-subsisting being, with occasional exceptions in favor of "congressional" boarding-houses, where the principal articles of diet, lodging (and washing extra) appear to consist of speeches, documents, and yellow wrappers, tied up or ing around loose, franked or frank-expectant. The Bore is perennial, but is only seen at the particular period of the year when Congress is in Session. Whether at the adjournment, he disappears wholly from the face of the earth, like certain insects of a spotty character as to their visible effects;* or whether he partakes of the nature of an annual seventeen-year locust; or whether he retires to the mountains and *æstivates* (a word for which I acknowledge my indebtedness to my friend the Autocrat, and which is supposed to signify hybernating in the summer-time); whether one, or all or none of these theories, is correct, is a question which I have not the means of resolving, and am reluctantly forced to leave to some future CUVIER or AGASSIZ, seized with the fire of scientific research into the Mammalia and queer Icthyosauri of the Lobby. The use of the Bore, in the ancient and honorable order of Lobbymen, is analogous to that of the long pole with which my friend Mr. A. WARD tells us he is accustomed to assist his professional labors by stirring up the animals. A little annoyance acts as a healthful tonic on the legislative mind.

Have you ever been in Washington? If so, surely you must have met, pervading the halls and "gents" parlors at Willard's or the National, an oldish gentleman, of massive dignity, (clearly traceable to his whitish hair and goldish "specs," as he terms them) who gets himself up, as to his costume and generally so far as consistent with the provisions of nature, much in the style of the late D. WEBSTER. Do you know THACKERY's sketch of "Ludovicus Rex"? The king is analysed by the great satirist into his component parts of a bald, decrepit, stunted, shrivelled up, and thoroughly miserable old wretch, constituting Ludovicus, and side by side the regal robes, in all the glory of high heels, patent calves, sword of the period, ermine, purple and fine linen, and grandly flowing wig, which make up the Rex. Our friend whom I have been introducing to you is Rex: D. WEBSTER in his own fancy, but only Rex, for all that. His name? Oh! I thought I told you at first. BLOPP. You would scarcely believe, but for the unimpeachable authority upon which you now learn it, the amount of labor which that man has expended during the last twelve or fourteen years for the good of a beloved but unrequiting country. Pure benevolence, I assure you. Strange as it may appear, he has been the real original suggestive J. L. JACOBS of every one of the numerous compromises, each one of which was to have settled the SAMBO AGONISTES question for a temporary forever. CLAY? Miserable old plagiaristic humbug. WEBSTER? Well, yes; a great orator no doubt, but who wrote his speeches? Ask BLOPP, I don't know much about these disputed points myself, but BLOPP does. With his illustrative forefinger, the other being retentively engaged in a convenient button-hole, and his mild, wheezy, drawly voice, and his muddly, rumbling, point-dodging old story, he will simmer to you by the hour of his exploits in the past, his engagements of the present, and his plans for the future. My dear SINBAD, you remember the old Man of the Sea. This is his brother, the Lobby-man; it was the sedentry avoirdupois chap that you know. How long do you think you could stand a regular siege of an hour a day without learning St. Vitus his waltz? What would you give to abolish the daily affliction? JOBEY is not a hard customer and will not make the terms unreasonable, I know.

Do you know GOADEY? That little wiry, sandy, nervous man, possessed of social talents resembling the effects of a Leyden Jar, a scientific plaything used for collecting clerical sparks and saving them up for rash knuckles. His capacity for scattering little explosive miseries among his friends and acquaintances is unlimited. He used to cut out those little attacks on me that appeared in the *Gracchus Argus* or the *Onondaraugus Herald of Freedom*, and read them to me for the amusement of mixed companies. Now I rather like to be abused, especially by "obscure cotemporaries," as our paper the *American Star of Empire and Wyoga County Atlas* used to say; it shows that the public is aware of you. All public men expect abuse, feel badly without it. There was G. WASHINGTON you know; the papers used to pitch into him like an eminent pickpocket. But then it is just a little exasperating to have the scorchingest of scorching leaders read out to a miscellaneous and pleased knot, by a wretched provoking little scamp like GOADEY. He knows I am a peaceable man, or else he wouldn't do it. You never hear of his trying that game on Colonel MAWLEY, the fighting Member from Arkansas, or our GOUGE, of Tennessee, or even little TENPEYSES, the good-looking but bloody, minded Member from New Orleans of whom they tell such dreadful stories about going out before breakfast with young PLAQUEMINES, knocking out two of PLAQUE's teeth at the first fire and breaking the hour hand of his watch (which of course, by a singular accident, he had never worn in that pocket before) at the second etcetra, and so forth. Not that GOADEY confines himself to the irritating extract business entirely. Anything productive of extreme exacerbation suits his purpose quite as well. I remember I left town once for a week, because the fellow would come and talk at me with his filey voice about my private affairs, every evening when I wanted to be alone; and, would you believe it, fie, he actually took advantage of my absence to get through a confounded bill that I had been fighting for two years!

But perhaps the most systematic and artistic of my Representative Bores is TORCHER. While I used to dread him as I do a shower-bath in December, I never could help admiring the man's ingenuity and indomitable energy. When TORCHER with his hard eye, and high cheek-bones, and long buffalo-robe colored hair, and tobacco-salivated lips, and his half-worn-out valise (Heavens! with what indescribable horror I first saw it, thinking he had brought a clean shirt, and was going to spend a week with me) full of papers, made his appearance at the outposts of a congressional fortress, demanding surrender in the name of the Lobby, it was as well for the garrison to capitulate at once, for it was only an affair of time after that. I can tell you what it is, you that have just let off that incredulous sneer of untried virtue, if *Atra Cura* should come and sit down by your easy chair and read his papers to you at morning, at noon, and at night, would you, do you suppose imitate the helplessly idiotic persistency of our old friend THESUS, who, as I was informed at school, sat on forever and never seemed to mind?

"*Sedet æternumque sedebit, infelix Thesus,*"

You know. You see THESEUS was infelix, after all, which I can't help thinking was very silly on his part, when there was really so little necessity for it. TORCHER has embodied in the practice of his profession, the leading principle of the late Mr. POE's "Raven," with the important exception that his visit is apt to be of a more definite character than that of the very decidedly disagreeable fowl alluded to, and, to continue the ornithological comparison, can be terminated by a suitable contribution of cheese, instead of being of that illimitable duration to be inferred from the remark made by the unpleasant bird when at the end of each verse, it announces its fixed and unalterable intention of never going away again on any pretence.

As a friend, let me advise promptness and cheese.

* Mr. WARE probably means flies.—[EDS. V. F.

THE PRIMPENNY FAMILY.

BY FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Muffles was a gentleman for whom Mr. Primpenny Jr. entertained the highest regard. There was a peculiar versatility about Mr Muffles which authorized it. He was nominally a student at law in the office of that illustrious advocate, Peter Chilgrin. Peter Chilgrin had a high opinion of Mr. Muffles also. He sometimes observed with a pleasant smile which for ten seconds together showed how little the dentist had ever been obliged to do for him, that Mr. Muffles could open Kent or Chitty in the middle, and read it with as much understanding and profit as if he had begun at the first page. For fear that the professional atmosphere of Mr. Peter Chilgrin's should make his character too hard and dry, Mr. Muffles always took to the office with him some interesting and portable work of fiction which he read for an hour or two, three or four times a day, between his heavier avocations, and thus kept his mind fresh and plastic. Another means by which he loved to attain the same end, was the composition of original romances. He generallv began one of these at nine o'clock, A. M., and unless it became necessary to accompany Mr. Chilgrin to Court, by ten o'clock had completed the first chapter, describing the birth of a young person in a hovel, or an accident to a steamboat, which gave another young person an opportunity for the display of great foresight in saving the identical woman he was to marry five hundred pages on. In his bureau drawers at Mrs. McCrowder's, Mr. Muffles preserved several score of these first chapters, which at some future day he hoped to develope into finished novels enough for a library. As yet, however, he had not found the time to carry them on. Besides being an excellent writer of first chapters, he played by ear on the violin, knew something about horses, and had a mechanical turn which he gratified by inventing complicated machines to do simple work, such as rotary tooth-picks to be screwed to a table and turned by a crank, or electrical book-cutter, propelled by six wheels, three levers and a battery. He was acquainted with eight or ten different languages, to the extent of from fifty to a hundred words in each, though the English, as being the noblest and most difficult of tongues, was the only one with which he cared to have his acquaintance a speaking one.

He drew splendid designs for fortifications, and had suggested the idea, in a daily newspaper, of surrounding the Territory of Utah with a stone wall sixty feet in height by ten in thickness, so that if the polygamous inhabitants of that tract ever rebelled against the Government, United States troops could encamp on the outside of the wall, and fire over it at the insurgents. On Sundays he wondered whether he ought not to have been a clergyman instead of a lawyer—and in order that if that *should* ever turn out to be the proper thing for him to do, he might not be totally unprepared, he was wont to spend an hour after breakfast on those days, in writing one or two divisions of a sermon for his possible flock. On Monday it frequently struck him that he was peculiarly fitted for a doctor—and on his way down town might be seen dropping in at a book-store to get the last number of Braithwaite's Retrospect—or, if he had a friend with him, talking enthusiastically upon the charms of squills as a remedy in some sublime disease with twenty Greek syllables for a name. On Tuesday, Mr. Muffles had, perhaps, come into an architectural state of mind, and passed his leisure in painful self-reproaches over the folly which had doomed a man naturally intended for Free-stone to Blackstone, and incarcerated in briefs the genius which should have soared in building-material. On Wednesday, very likely, Mr. Muffles was settled in the unalterable conviction that his true destiny would never be accomplished till he cast off the trammels of conventional city life; till he breathed the delicious air of the hayfield, the cow-yard and the pig-pen—till he was like Adam, General Washington, Cincinnatus, and Professor Mapes—a farmer. On Wednesday, then, you could not have seated yourself for a moment at Mr. Muffles' side without his asking you if you had ever turned your attention to soils—what your opinion was as to the feasibility of raising elks for the purpose of a dairy-farm—or whether a man could ever expect to be anything else but dwarfed and insignificant in the crowded throng of a great city. On Thursday, Mr. Muffles revolved anxiously in his mind the question of a Principalship in a Female Academy. On Friday—the sea! the sea! the open sea! presented itself to Mr. Muffles as the only proper career for a man of spirit. On Saturday, he determined to be a capitalist and live on his interest—but feeling in his pocket for some change to buy a cigar over which he might still further meditate the delightful subject—he discovered himself the happy possessor of just three cents—and wished, with a sigh, that he had been born rich as well as handsome.

This peculiar versatility of Mr. Muffles, like most of the gifts of Genius, led people to misunderstand him. They even went so far as to call this versatility vacillation—and did not realize the fact that Mr. Muffles had been studying law for three years without admission to the bar, not because he couldn't have got in if he had wished, but because he desired to know certainly what he was best fitted for. And when people said that Mr. Muffles was an unpractical man—it was because they did not know what interest he took in solid business projects—how he had made the most elegant and ingenious designs for draining off the sand from the desert of Sahara, by a system of gently sloping sewers—and transporting a guano island from the Pacific by a still more ingenious system of tug-boats to fertilize the desert into a garden of Eden.

However much injustice the world at large might do to Mr. Muffles—Mr. Primpenny loved him as a sincere, unselfish friend—a repressed genius of the highest order. He felt sure that ere long Muffles would break upon the world in some astounding eruptive form. That at any rate the geologists of some distant and appreciative age, would disinter Muffles like a wondrous fossil—and say to the new generation—"A MUFFLES!—a misunderstood Great Man!"

It was therefore with feelings of mingled surprise and indignation that Mr. Primpenny, on the morning after his visit at London Gubby's, received the intelligence that Mr. Muffles had been ignominiously banished from Mrs. McCrowder's. Mr. Primpenny was just breakfasting, with the *Tribune* before him, and Teague behind him, when Mr. Muffles took the friend's privilege of entering without a knock, and straightway communicated the above.

"An' it's here they always come from Mrs. McCrowder's, like sowls out of Purgatory," exclaimed Teague, frankly. "A plisant change it is, too—I thried it meself?"

"Teague! not a word till you're spoken to, sir! Sit down, Muffles, my dear boy, and I'll have a steak put on for you. Coffee, Teague! Now tell me about it—how did you come to leave?"

Mr. Muffles answered by drawing a note from his pocket and handing it over for Mr. Primpenny's inspection. It read as follows:

"MR. MUFFLES:

SIR:—Having done what no gentleman could do to interdooce a dissreputible caracter into the Boosom of a confiding family, who, for 0 I know, may be a shevaleer-dandoostry, and at enny rate wares a cote with letters painted on the back to advertise a firm for selin Indy rubber, which will never erase its gloomy traces from my memory—I cann give you no longer a logment beneath my rufe. When coles was at their highest, you alwase hadd a good fire in the forth story back, wich I now regrett, not because they was 6$ a tun, but they wormed a vipir. You was invayriably treeted with consideration doo to a moril mann who pade his bills regler wich you never did. Mennys the time when you had brekfast in yure rum after being drunk the nite before. I would not keep a pigg in my house for enny prize tho it mite be called a fair one. I have lett the forth story back, and expect you to vacate to-day or to-morrow. i inclose your bill and you may pay bi letter as I doo not want to see you agin.

MRS. MCCROWDER."

"Now, what does that mean? I have left McCrowder's not because I understood any part of the note, save the request to leave—but half because I did not care to stay in the same house with a crazy woman."

Mr. Primpenny, amid much laughter, gave a full explanation of the riddle, and called Mr. Muffles to pitch into his steak while it was hot.

"I really don't feel as if I could eat anything," replied Mr. Muffles, ruefully.

"Why! have you breakfasted? Never mind—that Harvey sauce and the mushrooms cooked after my own receipt, would commend a Revolutionary boot-sole to a gourmand after his tenth dinner-course!"

"No. I havn't breakfasted."

"It can't be that you feel down in the mouth about that McCrowder business?"

"Oh, bless my soul, no!" said Mr. Muffles, winking, and motioning towards Teague.

"Teague, you may go down stairs till I ring for you," spoke Mr. Primpenny, immediately.

Teague obeyed, and Mr. Muffles drew his chair closer to Mr. Primpenny's side.

"Primpenny!" said he solemnly—"is the coal-scuttle business difficult to learn?"

Stuyvesant put down his fork to laugh, and then regarded Mr. Muffles with the air of a natural philosopher studying a new species.

"How do I know?" said he. "If you'd like to find out I can ask the Governor."

"I don't know but I'd like to be introduced to him some time. How do you think he would view a partnership—with a good man you know—industrious—extremely practical, and all that—but not much in funds, at least not till a couple of aunts die, who may leave him a little Central R. R. stock, provided they've forgotten the time he sheared their lap-dog?"

Mr. Primpenny laughed again.

"Really," he replied, "I don't know how the governor *would* look at such a complicated case as that. I shall be glad to introduce you, at any rate."

"What do you think of these things?" said Mr. Muffles, as, with an expression of mingled anxiety and triumph, he brought forth an immense legal envelope and tumbled from its bursting interior several dozen cards of Bristol board, upon the breakfast table.

Mr. Primpenny took them up and examined them one by one in the most interested manner. They were all exegant designs for coal-scuttles, and evidently resulted from hours of Mr. Muffles' highest inspiration, besides an unmeasured amount of Faber's pencils and the best India ink. There were coal-scuttles in imitation of ruined Greek temples—of funereal Etruscan lamps—pap-boats—rural summer-houses—watering carts—mouse-traps—wassail bowls—and fishing-baskets.

Coal-scuttles of the Chinese pagoda pattern with a mandarin seated on top, whose nose must be treated with indignity before you could get at the fuel. Coal-scuttles on a plan of the most marvellous mechanical ingenuity, and almost requiring a West Point engineer's education to understand as well as originate them; possessing as they did a complicated piece of clock-work in their interior, which needed only to be wound up at day-break to keep shooting the proper amount of coals into a grate every two hours during the twenty-four. Coal-scuttles to be executed in India-rubber, so that you could fold them up and put them in your pocket, or turn them inside out and clap them on your head, as the very nattiest sort of water-proof hat. Fire-extinguishing coal-scuttles. Coal-scuttles of bronze stamped with sentences taken from such ancients as had written upon the sweets of domestic life, and thus particularly suited to country fire-sides where latin is spoken fluently. Coal-scuttles that, by an infringement of a musical snuff-box patent, played "Scotland's burning!" when they were empty and the grate doing well, or when the former were full and the latter needed replenishing, delicately reminded the proper attendant by a little snatch from "The Light of other days." Coal-scuttles æsthetical—coal-scuttles practical—coal-scuttles moral—even coal-scuttles theological, containing a slate where on might be engraved the particular creed of the serious family which need them. Coal-scuttles of all kinds, conceivable and inconceivable.

"What do I think of them?" replied Stuyvesant at length—"Why, that they're wonderfully done! miracles of beauty and ingenuity! When in the world did you find time to accomplish them? *You*, of all men—with that rush of work you must be having this season at Chillgrin's?"

"The fact is," said Mr. Muffles sadly, "they're my recreation. I've been doing them at odd times through the last week—when Chillgrin was up at Special Term. *He* hasn't any eye for the beautiful. Well, *I* hav'nt any heart for the law! Primpenny, my boy! I'm going to give up the confounded bore, and for ever, yes, *weeks*, I've been growing more and more into the conviction that my destiny is hardware. If your father should like these draughts—perhaps he might take a fancy to me. Then I would be *sure* it was hardware. If he proceeded further to say that I was a valuable man, or anything of that complimentary sort, I should feel myself providentially led towards coal-scuttles as the particular sub-division of hardware. I would prefer taking your advice as to any proposition about a partnership, but if I didn't speak to him *now*, in a year or two, when he found he couldn't get along without me, he'd be likely to speak to me, wouldn't he? So I'd keep on designing, and he might give me a small proportion of the profits, until I was in a position to relieve his venerable shoulders of the business. I should apply myself steadily to it for two years—keep a house in town, and board on Staten Island three of the Summer months. At the end of twenty years, I'd have a country-seat up the river, somewhere, where I might work off my dyspepsia, (which I'd by that time be sure to have, through intense application,) in hoeing asparagus and helping the gardener roll gravel-walks. You should always have a seat at my fireside—the best of my table, and the finest spare bed-room in the house. Oh! Primpenny! wouldn't it be magnificent?

In view of this gorgeous picture, Mr. Muffles' dark blue eyes became suffused with a tranquil moisture, and putting his hand on Stuyvesant's shoulder, he drew that gentleman towards him with the sincere air of a man who is conferring unimaginable comforts on his dearest but most pecuniarily-straightened friend. Even to Stuyvesant it did not occur, in the midst of the felicitous vision, that Mr. Muffles was basing it on capital contingently belonging to himself. He only remarked in a tone of affectionate interest:

"But, Muff, why leave the law? Why abandon the brilliant career that certainly opens to a man of your genius?"

Mr. Muffles' countenance again became overshadowed, as he announced with a sigh—

"Primpenny—mind now!—it's a solemn confidence—*I'm in love!*"

"*Muffles!*"

"An inscrutable—but an inevitable fact. I've been there exactly two weeks and twenty-three hours. I fell into it as unexpectedly as I'd have tumbled down a hoistway, or a pair of cellar stairs, or a hole in the sidewalk—a fortnight ago yesterday noon. It was a circumstance over which I had no control. I don't think I'd have done it if I had. It has been to me a cause of great misery already. It will be, doubtless, a greater cause hereafter. But I can't help it. I must track my destiny to the end. That's the reason why I must leave the law which doesn't support me—and if possible go into hardware, which is said to do it nicely—and for which I am inflexibly convinced I was intended at the period of my birth. I was always playing with the poker and the shovel, as soon as I could creep. Besides, those drawings seem to indicate that turn. Why do I wish to support myself? Because, for the first time in my life, love, and marriage with the heart's idol, seem inextricably associated. I have an unconquerable consciousness that I am growing thinner every day! Oh dear no! no Harvey sauce in this particular state of mind, thank you!"

"Who is the girl?"

"That's just where it is! *I don't know.* It seems utterly superfluous to say that if I did I'd run and cast myself at her feet and hear my doom—then go and throw myself off the highest place I could find—if that would be the slightest gratification to her!"

"Anything but superfluous *that*," replied Mr. Primpenny, with the air of extreme condescension to youthful passion, which he had acquired through his long and wicked life abroad. "I should call it gratuitous. But you're a genius, my dear Muff, and geniuses are always extreme—that is, till they see the world and learn Equipoise. *Equipoise*, Muff—*Equipoise!*—well—you'll learn it—it will come in time. Women must be studied. They look strange and unfathomable, like a sheet of music, to a man who has only sung them by ear—they're easy enough to the eye of science, however. Still, I can't blame you—Oh no! been there myself. What's the celestial being like?"

"You may well say celestial—and not be in fun either. I met her, I told you, a fortnight ago yesterday. She was buying note paper at Crowen's—I was there by a wonderful coincidence, doing the same thing. She turned to me, suddenly, to ask a question, thinking I was the clerk—saw I wasn't—blushed, and asked my pardon. I thrilled to the finger tips! I shouldn't be surprised if I blushed, too. She had the divinest voice I ever heard—a perfect Æolian harp!"

"Harp attachment? No *prior* attachment indicated in the voice I hope."

"Oh don't joke, Primpenny! Her eyes were a heavenly blue—her face round and suffused with health's own carnation—her mouth pure, yet ripe and delicious—her nose, the least little bit in the world curved—up, you know—she wore a blue silk—no, she *floated* in it, like rosy cloud in a clear sky—there were seven flounces to it; I counted them as I would my own pulse in the critical moment of a fever. She wore corn-colored gloves—not a number higher than fours—a bonnet of the same, exquisitely trimmed—one Etruscan and one cameo bracelet—and when I looked at all those things first and my own last winter's suit second—Oh! she is the child of rich parents, said my heart, and I, 'what can a poor man do but die?'"

Muffles hid his face in his hands and choked himself down as if he were an unusually tough piece of Mrs. McCrowder's beef-steak.

"What was her stature?" asked Mr. Primpenny to carry his friend past this painful dead-point of sentiment.

"She was short—not over five feet one, I should say. What! do you know her?"

"A regiment like her in New-York, of course! You might as well describe me a pin and then ask me to tell you where it lived on the pincushion! Have you seen her since?"

"Six times on Broadway, in walking from the office. On those

A SLIGHT HINT.

Lady of the House (loq.)—"O Mr. Popplewit what shall I do? There's that sweet girl Miss Fink who is staying with me, has taken two of the best places in the German; they are dancing the first figures and she has no partner.

N. B.—Miss Fink is generally regarded as the scourge of German. Immense delight of Popplewit.

Some Good Advice.

In dealing with an undertaker always pay him his prices, and never screw him down, for sooner or later, he will surely find an opportunity to retaliate on you if he waits till the day of your death.

By our Compositor.

Why did not South Carolina have the honor of furnishing the first President to the new Confederacy?

She contended against a Quad-wrangle of States and they out Jeffed her.

Similia Similibus.

For Free Trade in the Southern Confederacy, administer Free doses of sugar. Sweets to the Sweet, You Know.

By our Grammarian.

Why the President has no mood of his own.

Because he is Simply Supine.

"Hic, Hæc, Hoc."

Grammarians are wrong. The Hic always comes after the Hock.

occasions she invariably saw me. Our eyes met—and after that moment of delicious rapture—dinner, sleep, peace of mind were impossible! Once too, getting into the stage she showed me the side of her exquisite face—that dreamy glimpse was worse than the others—it was despair!"

"Well Muff—I'll tell you what we'll do. Give me your sketches to show the governor. He'll take an interest in them any way.—He lives in coal-scuttles. If he still wants a partner, as he did when he was so good as to ask me—perhaps he'll do something for you after a while. At any rate, I'll try to have him. Meantime you see the lady as often as you can, and if possible find out where she lives. Who knows but Crowen may tell you? If he can't, why follow her unostentatiously up some day—"

"But what if I never see her again?" "Bah! one's always seeing girls again. There's no end to 'em! *That* won't be your trouble when you get a little older. I'll find some way to manage an introduction for you, and here's my hand for all the subsequent help in my power. For the present eat breakfast. After breakfast come around with me to the Governor's. I want to see that dear mother of mine, and it will be just like her to ask us to stay to lunch. Such lunches! She makes her own apple jelly, and Oh! the deviled turkey of our cook! *Ris de veau aux champignons* very likely too. Have you time? Where's old Chillgrin today?"

"Up at Special Term, goes to Court of Appeals by first express this P. M. Yes—I have time. Don't say a word at home of what I've told you!"

"Bless you, no? How Lottie would make fun of my old Muff that I've told her so much about, if she knew it had actually fallen in love!"

The friends finished their steaks, drank a bottle of claret together, and then carrying the coal-scuttle designs set out for Isaiah Primpenny's on the Avenue.

Reaching there they found the dear motherly Mrs. Primpenny in, and Mr. Muffles was introduced to her. It delighted Mr. Primpenny to see how kindly she took to his friend—how much his gentle and pensive manner interested her. Men are always so grateful when their lady friends appear to show this interest in their gentlemen friends, with certain obvious exceptions. Why can't the sweet creatures do it oftener?

As expected, Mrs. Primpenny invited them to stay to lunch. When the time for that delicious divider of the day approached, she asked them to walk in to the white, flavorous, silvery and odorous table, without waiting for Miss Lottie who was out shopping, and would probably take her little tiffin at the uptown Taylor's.

Mr. Muffles had scarcely divided his luxurious second joint of devilled turkey—and was wavering between the rival attractions of the cranberry and apple jellies—when a merry laugh like silver set to music resounded in the hall just outside. The next moment the dining-room door flew open, and a rosy-cheeked apparition bounded in, amid a cloud of blue silk, at once to light, butterfly-like, on her brother's lips, and send the blood back in a spurt to the heart of Mr. Muffles.

"My particular friend, Mr. Muffles, Lottie dear."

Lottie stood silent for a moment—and then blushed to her eyes—laughed to make it appear that that was the cause of the color—took Mr. Muffles' outstretched but trembling hand, and said—

"Havn't I seen you at Crowen's?"

"Yes, Miss Primpenny."

"A fortnight ago yesterday—"

"And six times since."

"To be sure!"

"Muff! *you don't mean to say*——"

"Yes I do, Stuyvesant," whispered Mr. Muffles, in a tone of agony—Oh, for Heaven's sake keep still!"

So Stuyvesant mercifully did keep still for the present.

(To be Continued.)

Another Gooseberry.

Little boy Bu, come! blast your "Horn!"
The Bears in the Cotton, the Bulls in the corn;
What? is this the way you Mind your eye?
Asleep in the White House—under the Rye!

The Highest-born Lady on Record.

Minerva: for mythology informs us that she made her first appearance on the top of Jupiter's head.

By our Dreadful Contributor.

When Colson sews on a button don't her fingers become a Singer's Sewing Machine?

XUM

THE MAN WHO BLOWS THE BUGLE.

O VANITY!—I've me with a heav blow, no from Fortu but from B reas roun the corner i the shape of Mein Her SCHMIDT wit a brass bugle in his fists. I wish he had smaller lung or a larger conscience, as it is I am dr ven nearly deaf, and a though

I am not Mr. H full soon shall be—

and then SCHMIDT, "stay, bugler, st y, I'll smash y u into smithereen!" Sunday mornings he arises at sunrise, throws open his window, gazes at the rats in the back yard; seizes his bugle, aims at the largest one, blows a blast upon his horn, and kills that rat as dead as a nail, first shot he always shoots sharps. And then, after performing Dead March over his lifeless remains, turns his great fishy eyes to the window of a pretty neighbor, and plays

List to the Mocking Bird.

Ye Gods! But it's when he comes home beery o' nights that I feel like a demon, and wish to be AZRAEL for five minutes. Up goes the window, and out comes the ringing, jangling, jarring, tearing, swearing, grating, crashing notes to the tune of

Call me Pet Names, Dearest

and when I did, and throwing open my window, swore at him the entire gamut of German oaths, wishing him hail storms and thunder weather, he serenely paused, and then broke out from LUCIA—

I'll Pray for Thee!

What could a man do? Clearing my voice, I sang in Baritono profundo

Would I were with Thee!

To which he cheerfully replied,

Good Night, Good night, Beloved!

Do you suppose I was then allowed a little rest? No, sir! He went for *more beer*, and I'll tell you How I Knew he went for more beer; when he returned to his room he commenced on the bugle,

When the Swallows homeward fly!

I wrote him a note politely asking him to practice in the cellar, he answered it thus. "You blays mit books and baper, I blays mit mine pugle whereumsomever I bleases. Ja! I bin 'Merican, und bin freedman. Ja! I blays mine pugle in mine champer so longs I life."

What shall I do? I have lately heard that VERDI has composed an air for the bugle in which there is a *sostenuto* note three minutes long. I will buy the music, send it to HERR SCHMIDT, and earnestly hope that in endeavoring to do it he will blow himself inside out.

If this succeeds, you shall hear again from

SADLY BLOWN.

The Difference.

Some Coercionists think a warlike naval expedition should be sent to take Charleston; others say one should be sent to Sack-Its-Harbor!

Breathless Interest.

Twenty-five per cent. It takes a man's breath away to think of it.

AFFAIRS IN ITALY.

BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

OFF OLORDI, Feb. 12th.

DEAR VANITY!—By blood and field! *Foison des aventures!* I must write my life, when it is finished . . .

. . . Fancy how such a book would sell!

I left Liddeldidi on the ninth inst., for this place, in the ninety-nine gun ship *Tantrum*, the command of which I was requested to take for a brief period.

When only a few leagues from land we were espied by the *Corpo di Baccho* frigate, FRANCIS II's own private war-vessel.

She chased us.

A 48 inch columbiad, mounted amidships, on a swivel, enabled us to do her some damage. Imagine, if you can . . . though I don't suppose you are able . . . a cannon-ball forty-eight inches in diameter, and weighing nearly three tons, sent crashing into the hull of a vessel every four minutes!

The *Corpo di Baccho* is one of the fastest sailers in the world, and we soon found that the *Tantrum*, (an old ship, built at Springfield, Illinois, in 1808,) could not keep away from her.

So we prepared for a close engagement.

The drums beat to quarters. The hammock-netting were belayed to the weather earrings, and the cross-trees securely brailed up; the flying bowlines were made taut to the after hatch, and all was in readiness. The gunners stood to their posts, gonfalons in hand; the Horse Marines cantered gaily along the decks, and a strong detachment of police were in readiness to prevent the slightest disturbance.

Thus, with the awful silence of strength and anticipation, we drifted down upon our doomed but dreadful foe . . .

A little puff of white smoke arose from her lee bow, between the anchor-sheet and the sky-sail boom . . .

A chain shot came ricochetting along the surface of the water, astern of us . . .

Then another.

And another.

Suddenly, a blaze, like that of the lurid lightnings of heaven, lit up the dark splendor of twilight, and a roar as if of ten million thunders rent the dusky firmament on high, and all the blue ethereal sky

We had discharged our guns on the weather side . . . forty-four guns . . . simultaneously . . .

Every ball took effect!

The enemy's frigate was lifted entirely out of the water, to the height of ten or fifteen feet, and came down with such a tremendous splash as was never seen in those regions before. Every pane of glass in her windows was smashed, and the commander, a young Florentine named CASABIANCA GIUSEPPE STEFANO COBRA DI CAPELLO, was set down so forcibly on the quarter-deck that his vertebral column was driven several inches into his skull.

I immediately manned a pinnace with a company of flying artillery, and boarded the enemy. The commander was suffering severely with the headache.

"*Come va, signor?*"

"*Male à la testa,*" he replied.

"Haul down your flag," said I.

"Go to the devil!" he replied.

I called a patrol sergeant and had him arrested at once. He begged hard not to be taken in, but one of my rules is that discipline must be maintained, so he was locked up for the night.

This was the first. We took eighteen other ships of war before morning, and the prize amounted to a million of ducats apiece for each of the officers, so you see I am quite well off just now . . .

You may stop sending me remittances until further notice.

We are lying just off Olordi, an old seaport of some importance. There is a cathedral, a university, a large public library, a convent and a town-hall in the city. I have just given my artillerists permission to shell the convent.

After reducing this place, we intend to sail against Rome. I wish you would inquire, my dear VANITY, whether or no I could import red-hot shot from New-York on reasonable terms. They are high-priced and hard to get, here. Of course they must be packed in tow, cotton, or something, to keep them from cooling.

I am yours. McARONE.

P. S. I have been told that a gifted youth attached to a public institution in your city, has liked my correspondence so well that he has "marked it for his own," and traveled on the strength of it as a humorous person . . . a constructor of jests. It shows his good taste. He steals too wisely, but not well. Be Frank, O, fair young purveyor to the seekers of wisdom; claim not the good works of another and a better man, and accept with due humility the blessing of McARONE.

XUM

MOVEMENTS OF MR. LINCOLN.

The steps taken by Mr. LINCOLN to give Baltimore the "go-by," may be characterised as the most important movement made by him during his preliminary Presidential progress. Considered as steps, we suppose that the movement in question, coupled with the costume in which it was performed, will be handed down to posterity as "The MacLincoln Harrisburg Highland Fling." Certain Scottish chieftains are distinguished from common pipers by the prefix of the definite article to their patronymics. "The MacNab" may be taken as a case in point. Mr. LINCOLN, then, having assumed the chieftainship of a mighty clan and selected the costume of a Scottish chief to perform the part in, ought surely to be entitled to the definite article, and to receive and govern during his term of office by the style and title of "The MacLincoln More."—In this connection the *more* is a Gælic addition to a title, and means *big*. It bears no reference whatever to Balti-more. As a piper will be an indispensible appendage for "the MacLincoln More," we suppose that the distinguished personage in question can do no less than appoint THURLOW WEED to that important position. THURLOW will make a very efficient piper. He has been playing one tune for a long time; and as it is a well known fact that the Scotch bagpipes always do that and cannot do anything else, the instrument will be just the thing for him to blow.

Our ubiquitous artist, who was at Harrisburg and elsewhere during the performance of The MacLincoln's celebrated "movement," has sent us the annexed sketch. Although the Kilt cannot be called a very definite article of costume, yet, as the definite article is worn by the chieftain for a prefix to his name, the adoption of the kilt can hardly be looked upon as a misdemeanor. The precautionary measure of "letting his whiskers grow," taken by The MacLincoln, will now be fully appreciated by the public. Scottish chieftains invariably "let their whiskers grow:" they are obliged by feudal tenure to do so. Pipers also: so that THURLOW WEED had better consult authorities as to the best mode of producing the necessary articles. It will be remarked that the Feather worn by the chieftain in his bonnet, is peculiar if not abnormal. It was placed there by WEED, unknown to the wearer; and is described by our ubiquitous artist as resembling the wing-feather of a swan rather than that of an eagle—being remarkably large and White.

THE MACLINCOLN HARRISBURG HIGHLAND FLING.

SOMETHING LIKE A HUSBAND.

My Dear Vanity:—I rise to a "question of order!" In the *Tribune* of February 15, under head of "The President Elect En Route," I read this astounding fact viz:—"an elegant dejeuner was provided by Mrs. I. S. Jewett, wife of the Steubenville and Indiana Rail Road." Is it in order for Rail Roads to have wives—"hev it indeed cum to this?" If so, Mormonism is nowhere, or if anywhere, that boot is on the other leg entirely.

What a new and interesting phase of married life this opens to our view! What a Big Thing, what a *Chose Enorme* must such a Husband be, in fact what an extensively, lengthy, and enormously grand entity. Surely he cannot be handy to have around in the house, in Town or in the Country, and yet out of doors must always be a source of great anxiety to his wife, as he will indulge in trains, often of the fastest sort, even in Jersey Lightning Trains, which but sooner bring him to his end, and owing to his Conduct, or misconduct, must be continually getting into the Station House.

But for the benefit of young ladies who might desire to make a permanent investment in such securities, I would suggest the feasibility of Turning the Tables on an unruly Husband of this kind, by Spiking him down to iron Chairs, keeping him on a diet of Tea (made from T rails of course) with an occasional Frog as a Meet Offering. In fact I have heard of such things, and of Switches being used with good effect, where Moral Suasion failed to keep him from paths that lead to destruction and the grave.

Can the Ties of wedded life, such as this, be of a Tender character? Are they not rather heavy burdens, hard, tough, of the Oak-oakey? Do Damsels take these Bonds of matrimony at par, are they willing to have a Husband who is always in the Stocks, exposed to attacks from infuriate Bulls and Bears, a Husband who is always Railing, whose Cares are numerous, and who too often, like his wife, proves to have been only a Dam-sel? (Vide La. C. and M. R. R.) (Mr. Editor I disavow that last "goak." It is interpolated by a sufferer, whose Chest bears marks of the Bears of 1857.)

But the novelty of such an union as the *Tribune* informs us of, quite overcomes my mind. I must stop, and read one of the *Herald's* editorials to calm my perturbed imagination, before looking to HORACE for more valuable information, meanwhile avowing myself,

A TRUE VANITARIAN.

THAT SALUTE.

Patriotism is a very nice thing, especially just about this time And if there is any one particular day on which Patriotism. might be allowed to shine, we think that the twenty-second of February ought to be considered that day. But, Gov. MORGAN, don't you think that your ideas of the proper amount of Patriotism are rather too powerful for you? You ordered our dear, old Fogy (Gen. Charles W. of course) to order somebody else to direct that some other military man should superintend the firing of a salute—mark the word—of *five hundred guns* on the day above alluded to, in honor of the memory of GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Now, we respectfully submit that that was a very Insalutary proceeding for those immediately concerned, as well as those living in the neighborhood of the Battery.

It strikes us, Gov. MORGAN, that our patriotic feelings would have been sufficiently gratified if the number of guns had been limited to, say, one hundred; and we do think, that if you had desired to do especial honor to His Memory, you would have attained your purpose by saying to yourself, "I will hie me to New-York, and there will don me golden lace and plumes, etceteray, etceteray. Then to the Battery will I go and from me galyant steed dismount to bravely take the lanyard in me own right hand and yank it at command. And this will I repeat till thirty-four good sounds and loud shall greet the ears of dwellers on the Jersey Flats, that may I say with proud disdain to Gen'ral CHARLES:—'Alone I did it, boy!'"—and so, you see, Governor you would yourself, have honored Him as Governor never did before; you would have spared the ears of numerous unoffending people, and lastly would have saved the sum of several dollars which might have been expended to advantage in some other way; say, in paying freights to hungry Kansas.

Now Governor, please don't give us occasion to speak to you again on such a subject. Good morning!

Song for the New-born Confederacy.

(Apropos to the Flag Dilemma.)

"Buy Baby Bunting."

How the Cotton States can Save their Credit.

By giving Heavy Bale.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

From a Fugitive Sketch.

VANITY FAIR SEES RIGOLETTO.

Or Miss Kellogg. It don't matter much which. Both are very pretty.

You're all familiar with the story, we suppose. *Le Roi s'amuse*, you know—French novel—W. E. Burton Englished it—the sad old story of *Triboulet* which was probably true some centuries ago, back among French Henris, and *mignons*, and court sins, and shames. It has a horrible moral—a ghastly one—the injquity of the principle of a privileged aristocracy which can do whatever it pleases with the purses, but more particularly by the persons of the mudsills. Romance never shot so deadly a shaft as this into Intense Respectability. For which reason the gayest and uppertenderest women in Vanity Fair—yea the *jeunesse dorèe* and the èliterary lions who move with them, all flock to see *Rigoletto* and think the plot really a fine one. Which it is. Long live Vanity Fair !Hip, hurrah! But don't think—Oh, Vanity Fairest of women—you whose eye rests on these pages; whose rustling resille is reechoed by the agonised twangs of our heart-strings, and whose fan and rosy-gloved fingers last night in the opera were to us, and many more, new sign-posts on the primrose path down hill—don't believe fair Eyes, that Rigoletto is dead. He and his and the Duke, and Countess Ceprano all live—and we are of them.

We have sung of Brig. This time we elevate Stig in Rig. For Stigelli is a grand *duca*, and, when the curtain rises, makes love with irresistibly graceful puppyism—just as if a Duca had cause to pride himself on winning ready made love—and just as if Stig were really such a Guilty Gilded Nob. (Joke on *jeunesse dorèe*, You See.) Rigoletto Ferri—court fool—urges him on—mocks old nobleman—Monterone—who comes to complain of the ruin of his daughter—is cursed by Monterone.

And the curse works. His own fair daughter Gilda Kellogg has been tampered with by the *Duca*—is carried off by courtiers, her father being induced to assist, believing that he is assisting in the ruin of another lady. Its a Moral Drama, You Observe. Pretty Miss Kellogg got well through the *debut*—and a house full of friends who threw a hundred dollars worth of flowers is not bad to take under the circumstances. *Ha bene fatta, farebbe forse migliora.*

The daughter is carried to the palace, ruined by that unprincipled Duke Stig, and carried away by her father. Then comes Revenge. Sparafucile, a bravo, is induced to murder the Duke. Inveigles him to his smithy with a sister. Where he sings *la Donna é mobile.*

Is Maddalena Adelaide Phillips a real witch—a real Gitana we mean? Vanity Fair who has seen the original flash article thought it had come to life in her wild rollicking pranks. How she laughs—how she romps! 'Tis a grand concerted piece of five sentiments—the Duke *poussiring* Maddalena, the father and daughter outside watching the unfaithful ducal debauchee—the bravo polishing his rapier! The music is true music, and like that *baccano* we told you about 'tother day, haunts one. Duke retires, Rigoletto Ferri and Gilda depart—all quiets—Sparafucile Coletti prepares for murder—is dissuaded by Maddalena—he promises if any one comes before midnight, the comer shall die instead—all overheard by Gilda who loves the Duke yet, and as a great many women, would do (despite all that is said against them) comes herself and is killed, bagged, and given to her father. Who finds out the cheat and dies—as he well might.

C'est Rigoletto. 'Twas well sung, well sustained, and well-adapted to please the most fastidious. When it rises again may we be there to see. Its Moral as we said before is excellent, and double edged. One being that Grand Dukes—nobody else in particular—should behave. The other—the *canaille* should bear patiently the inflictions of their betters. Whichever you please my little dears. Great is Vanity Fair, and the opera is its pulpit, and We are its Prophet.

By our Mathematician.

Our special Mathematician whom we employ to calculate our change and measure our line of policy, says that the tangents at which the Southern States will be thrown off by their revolution can be found only by a careful study of the Sines of the times.

The Rugged Path.

A city daily, in noticing the sale at auction of sundry mysterious articles belonging to the late chaste order known as the sons of Malta says "the Rugged Path was not sold." Members who walked over it were however.

The Southern Cross.

An Octoroon.

OUR GREAT ICEBERG MELTING AWAY.